

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 81. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

BOOK I

CHAPTER VIII. A LITTLE PARTY.

They went up, and found a few of the neighbours gathered: "Just enough to make a house," the Doctor said. There was a young man there, tall, strong, and good-looking—young Tom Clarke, the parson's son—"a very pretty block," the Doctor said again, "to chisel a parson out of. There was no better material, for you should hear his voice with the hounds." This was one of the pleasant features in the Doctor's character which made him so original and amusing: he always gave odd reasons for his various opinions. His metaphors, too, were always of an exceptional sort, and inexhaustible in their variety; and thus his conversation had a sort of grotesque air.

"How are you, Tom, my embryo? Why didn't you look in on us below, and help us with the mellow. Ah, Katey was at the bottom of that! Miss Paget, you're saving us a pint of colza for the moderate lamp to-night, with those bright eyes of yours. How's the father, and where is he?" This reproachfully: "I declare you're treating me scurvily among you all. Ah, Mr. Rumford, give me the hand. What have you started, my girls, since we've been below? What's it to be?—old maid? Then so be it. Tom, help with the round table;" which was accordingly dragged forward. In a moment the game was set on foot, and a bright, cheerful ring formed. Beside Katey was seated the honest, fair-haired Tom, whom the acute reader will have already divined to be the slave of Katey, with the staid toleration of her father. "A fine lad, with a proper spirit;

and sure, if Katey likes him, the creature, there's no harm in keeping him on, until something better turns up." And, strange to say, the father had actually conveyed to him that this was to be the arrangement on which their intimacy was to be based. "You know, my dear lad, Katey's a fit wife for an English grand-duke. If he came into this parlour, and said, 'Mr. Findlater, I propose to do myself the honour of asking your daughter's hand,' I'd say it was yet more than an honour to him. Oh! call a spade a spade, sir; and it's been my rule always with any child of my loins. No, no! Be he lord, duke, or baron, baronight, or knight, I think, sir, my Katey has as good as queen's blood running in her tender veins. And I am sure, my dear lad, it is not from you I'll hear the contrary?" Thus artfully did the father put it.

Round the table they were all pretty well squeezed, which was no drawback, and, the Doctor said, an "essential of the game." Lord Shipton was on a little low chair next Polly; his long, thin chest and head just rising over the table. Polly was giggling and tossing her head, and teaching every one the game, the most wildly animated creature that could be conceived. At last, at the end of the game, it was found that the badge of singleness had been awarded to Katey, who received her fate with the most natural laugh in the world.

"Well, after that!" said her father, "the cards have lost their character with me. The poor benighted ignorant pack, that knows no better. Now clear the decks, boys, and let's have 'Clutch him who can.'"

This was a game the Doctor recalled plaintively, as having been played at Lord

Castledaley's, near Macroom, County Cork, and which, every time of its performance, nearly killed an old man and woman from laughter.

Two rows of chairs were placed back to back down the room, just one less in number than those playing; who, with hands joined and their backs to the chairs, walked slowly round and round, as Katey played the piano. The instant the music stopped every one was to fling himself or herself into a seat; and, as there was one short, one person was excluded and left standing. Then sly Katey played her strains in the most artful way, now feinting, as it were, and affecting to be on the point of stopping, when some one would be betrayed into making a dive at the seat; now hurrying on, so that the whole party had to canter round and round till they were out of breath. Then came the abrupt silence of the music, and such a scuffling, tumbling, and staggering; such a clatter of chairs knocked together, such hysterical screams from laughter and squeezing, such frantic and convulsive struggling, and such heat and flutter, it was really the most exhilarating spectacle in the world—though, of course, extremely "vulgar." Most comical was it to see the long stooping figure of Lord Shipton coursing round, and being coursed round by one of the lively girls, a little nervous about his corns, half enjoying the romp, and treated with the most profane disrespect. Billy Webber was the leader; he had borrowed a pin from Miss Katey, with which he had pinned back his coat-tails for better freedom of action. At the end of each round a fresh chair was taken away, and a fresh person became "out;" and it was amazing to see how the excitement and the desperation of the struggle increased, and one would have thought a life was at stake. At last it was reduced to two persons, the Reverend Mr. Webber, a most grotesque figure, with his clerical coat-tails pinned back, and his face showing signs that would be accepted in a court of law as certain evidence of heat, and Miss Polly, walking round and round, hands joined, and a single chair between them. The young lady was proud of her publicity; though her fine hair was all tossed; coming down at the back, though fixed up temporarily with a hasty hair-pin. Her delicate cheek was covered with a rich and glowing colour, and her collar rather awry; so, too, was her dress "torn off her back," through Lord Shipton's stepping awkwardly on it in the *mélée*

but with all, she was a fine and most picturesque figure. Both danced round, Polly falling into all manner of attitudes, panting like some hunted fawn, hardly able to stand from laughter; flustered, heated, tumbled, Mr. Webber bent down, his eyes fixed on Polly, "as if he was waiting for a bird to rise," his collar very limp, he also much out of breath, and both slipping round watching each other's eyes, as in a duel with daggers. Katey artfully protracted the situation until it became painfully "stretched," now affecting to be on the verge of stopping, and causing the excited clergyman to make a plunge at the chair. "I'll back Polly," said the father, eagerly. "Watch his eye, my girl!" Instantly the music stopped; the chair rocked and tottered with the attack made on it; both are on it; or, at least, Polly would seem to be almost in the lap of the clergyman; when suddenly the seat slips off, and down she slides, and sits on it on the ground, not ungracefully, after all: while the clergyman is triumphant on the vacant frame. Shrieks of laughter rise at this tableau. Vociferous tongues are uplifted as both sides claim the victory, which is given, as of course, by "Lord Chief Justice Shipton," to whom the matter is referred, in Polly's favour. She rises, full of the wildest spirits, and bids her sister, in scarcely a whisper, "Pin me up, dear, for the love of Heaven, for I'm all coming to pieces!"

Now, all this picture may seem low, and possibly beneath the dignity of narrative, such boisterous "vulgarians" not deserving to have their doings reported; but still it brings out the character of the two girls, who, from their perfectly genuine nature and love of Irish fun, were not, by any means, low or vulgar. This sheer "romping" was, of course, indiscreet; but there was such thorough enjoyment in the whole that we must be indulgent. There can be no doubt a very happy evening was spent, especially when the cold "round" and some devilled bones were brought in, and when the Reverend Billy, who had the sweetest tenor in the county, gave them *My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose*, in so plaintive and amorous a way, that a stranger must have set him down as quite a shy and tender creature. But then, like Timotheus, in the Ode, he changed his measure, giving them *The Rigdum Doo*, a most comic song, with a chorus for all to the above words. Getting still more into feather, as the genial tunes

began to fill the air, he passed to another line of his accomplishments, to histrionics. "Tootle's First Sermon" was now the cry; and, with some hesitation, he gave this little sketch of his own: the Reverend Mr. Tootle, an imperfect preacher, attempting a charity sermon, with all the usual hesitation and boggling. From that, he rose to his feet, and in the middle of the room passed to some other histrionic feats. No wonder people said, "he was a delightful fellow," a born actor, would make a fortune on the stage, admitting that there was no fault on his side in being put into the church, but rather that the blame was with the church in withdrawing him from a more suitable profession.

At the close of this happy night, the Doctor stood at the door with Lord Shipton. "Charming fellow, Billy; it does my heart good to be with him. Scandalous not to make the man a dean, or something. He would buy and sell the whole lot of 'em. Why I'd read one of Billy's Charges with pleasure, every word of it."

Without assenting to this view, Lord Shipton owned to having spent a most pleasant night, mounted in a one-horse "shandradan," with a head to it, and was driven away home.

CHAPTER IX. A BREAK-UP.

On the following day came business, and Leadersfort was invaded by whole strings of carriages, containing the church goers who had looked from afar off yesterday, and who were now eager to enjoy a nearer beatific vision. One of the imported, or, as he considered it, de-ported, London gentry, exhibited himself with powdered head at the door, gazing with a sad astonishment at the sort of composite vehicles of provincial build which came up the avenue, and from which cards were handed in. As Doctor Findlater said, "nearly every old 'Jum' in the country had been dragged out for the occasion." But some of the leading persons in the town, instigated by the Doctor, got together a sort of deputation to confer with the alarmed Mr. Leader, and a large party, including Lord Shipton, were shown into the great library, that seemed to be defended by massive bastions of books, and was hung round with full lengths of the Leaders. On the little retiring man who came skulking in, these great figures in hunting coats, and armour, and black robes seemed to look down, as if on one who was certainly their owner, as the broker might be, one of these days, but who, in another

sense, was a mere intruder. He was quite alarmed at the crowd of strange faces, and seemed to keep a table before him as a barrier. Lord Shipton and the Doctor explained the matter, which was the great soldier question, and seemed to be real visitors, or old friends, having laid a basis on the day before, while the rest stood at a distance, an awe-stricken herd. There was many a, "Now see here, Mr. Leader," from the Doctor, "it comes to be a vital thing for the place. The life blood, sir, is stagnating. But administer a regiment, and the heart begins to go, and the crimson fluid circulates merrily." This figure was much admired and quoted. Lord Shipton said they must all put their shoulders to the wheel, a little exertion would do, and heave them out of the rut in which they had been stuck for so long. This was quite ineffective after the Doctor's figure, but it bewildered the new little Lord of Leadersfort. He would do everything, however, though he owned he knew nothing of the way or the means, and believed he was not a person who would be much attended to by the official people. This self-depreciation, meant to win sympathy for its modesty, had, of course, the common worldly effect. All these rustics thought what a poor retiring creature this was. Lord Shipton, however, and the Doctor explained minutely how Mr. Leader was to apply his poor little shoulder, to what wheel, and the particular part of the wheel. Letters were to be written that night; and when Mr. Leader was in town he was to wait on the proper person.

There was great joy abroad at the news of this arrangement, and Lord Shipton was presently going about the little place, arrogating, as it were, all such honour and credit as could be got. His "trap" lay up in the Leaders' Arms yard, its dusty old head of ancient leather, as dry and faded as the old "mackintosh" its owner wore in wet weather, while his lordship walked about, now in the coffee-room, now in the club-room, now in the street, explaining that the thing was done. "You see there was but one way to go about it; I always said so. Findlater and the others were for a leader in the Courant, and their letter writing: but that won't do, never would do. The territorial influence is what the secretaries and that sort of fry can't resist. The thing is as good as done." He spoke with equal authority on the new family. He and his daughters had already paid a visit, and had been received most

graciously by Mrs. Leader, who had already marked them down as the only people fit to know in the place. Lord Shipton at once saw what her weakness was: an intense worship of rank and fashion, rendered almost ludicrous by contrast with her plain features and ungainly dress and bearing. Of this weakness Lord Shipton took advantage. He at once assumed a position of superiority, which Mrs. Leader was content to acknowledge.

From this visit he was enabled to announce some of the future plans. How the whole house was to be remodelled and decorated—"middle age Jenkins," an architect whose title to fame seemed to be that he had been employed by Lord Mountvulture to alter Mountvulture—had already furnished plans. A "dear Lady Buckstone," had recommended a bran-new housekeeper, almost titled herself from living with titled people, and who would consent to accept the unlimited control of a "Commoner" household, at an enormous salary. This official was to be down presently, and was engaged in securing a large staff of servants, all town made, and all more or less stamped over with the hall mark: no vulgar testimonial of "sober, honest, steady," &c. being wanted, but services with Lord A., Sir Thomas B., and Lady C., being indispensable. The same "dear Lady Buckstone" had recommended an upholster, who had "done up Buckstone," and who was to be reckless in adornment. It was calculated that in about six weeks all would be ready for the distinguished staff of visitors, as well as servants, whom the same "dear Lady Buckstone" had kindly consented to engage, she herself acting as a genteel housekeeper to the party. Lord Shipton and family were secured, but the vulgarians of the place were not likely to gain entrance. And another piece of news brought away by Lord Shipton was that H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief had been graciously pleased to grant a commission in a dragoon regiment (Du Barry's) to his eldest son, which was also secured, through the mysterious agency of "dear Lady Buckstone," which had quite the air of a special royal favour, though, indeed, it was only in the due routine.

But within a fortnight, during which time Lord Shipton and family had dined and lunched there several times, there was a more remarkable piece of news to tell. The young girl of the house, always delicate-looking, had been rather unwell since she came down. First a cold, then a cough:

and it was an important occasion when our friend the Doctor received a message, desiring his professional attendance at Leadersfort. The flutter and excitement through the house was tremendous.

"No, no, Peter, dear," says Katey, "you must go up and shave clean, and there's a beautiful white tie lying on your bed."

For the Doctor, on all occasions of state, always appeared in the insignia of office. He set off calm, and with a benediction on himself: "God be with the work!"

He saw the young lady. It has been mentioned that his skill was not of the deepest. "Only a little kitarr—tongue feathery. See here, ma'am, hot water to the feet to-night, mixed with what I'll send up, and a lotion that I'll prescribe; and see here, ma'am, bales of blankets on her. We must induce perspiration, ma'am."

Mrs. Leader regarded him already with open dislike, "a low familiar fellow;" and the Doctor, it must be said, showed no hypocrisy in his feelings. He spoke on his return of the pride of the "cobbler's dog," and of setting paupers on horses and the direction in which they ride, and christened her old "Medewsy." On his third visit there was a surprise in store for him. He noticed an air of bustle and confusion in the house which puzzled him a good deal, and he was received in the library by Mr. and Mrs. Leader very solemnly.

"Well, how's the cold, ma'am? No relapse, surely?—weather's against us though—"

"I am sorry to inform you she is very bad, indeed. We had to telegraph for Doctor Gunter from town; he says you wholly mistake the case."

"Oh, that's what we all say of each other," said the Doctor, collecting himself for danger; "but I said to *you*, Mr. Leader, that these things are slippery."

"Oh, this is very serious," said Mrs. Leader; "it is very wrong and very ignorant."

Mr. Leader only remarked: "Doctor Gunter says it is on the chest, and that my poor child is threatened with consumption."

"You ought to have known at once," said Mrs. Leader.

"Oh, this is all very well, ma'am. You don't know the jealousies of the profession. Who's this Gunter at all? My opinion is as good as his any day."

"Not heard of Doctor Gunter, the

duke's physician!" she said, scornfully. "This speaks volumes."

"So it does, ma'am," said the Doctor. "I know what ducal physic is, and the West-end soft soap, genteel practice, too. This being so, ma'am, and there being a want of confidence clearly expressed on both sides, I decline to meet any outsider of the kind. It's understood now there's a new course of treatment, and I'm no longer responsible."

"Your responsibility is no value to us, and the treatment is; we have to go to Madeira."

"To Madeary! By the powers!" cried the Doctor, dumfounded.

He, however, extricated himself with small loss; and to his friends made much of "old Medewsy" getting down a rose-water doctor, with special fees, and who must go with them, he supposed, as travelling doctor. There was no being up to these schemers after all!

Doctor Gunter had, indeed, pronounced that no moment was to be lost; one of the lungs was "touched," consumption impending, and they must go off to hide from the stabbing east winds. Mrs. Leader was infinitely discontented, as much as a child, at the last moment, disappointed of a pantomime. Here was everything, and dear Lady Buckstone, all upset. But there was no help for it, and in her own way she loved her daughter. There was some compensation in the fact that it was to be "a good year" at Madeira. The Flocktons were to be there, the young lord's chest being threatened, and though not absolutely acquainted with that noble family, something might be done through "dear Lady Buckstone." There were the Count and Countess Borini, and a journey of some European queen was talked of. Gunter said three or four months would be quite sufficient. The news caused great stir and bitter disappointment in the place. This feeling was inflamed by the Doctor, who, furious at the way he had been treated, and acute enough to see that he never could make a friend of Mrs. Leader, cast about how he was to make profit out of her as an enemy.

"My old yellow Yahoo!" he said, "how dar' she speak to me because I took leave to differ from the Court quack she brought down! I refused point blank to meet the fellow in consultation, who is dragging the poor child across the sea at this time of year. Madness, indeed! It'll be her death. But I wash my hands of the whole party."

This was not strictly true, for Doctor Findlater's next proceeding did not amount to such ablution. He went to wait on Mr. Leader, whom he found looking very miserable, harassed with numerous letters, begging and otherwise, and much wearied. He looked alarmed as the Doctor entered, holding him as one of those terrible men there is no resisting or getting rid of. The Doctor soon let him know what he desired. He had been much hurt at what had been put upon him, in that house, when he had least expected it. It seemed to him ungracious and unkind. He was a gentleman, belonging to one of the learned professions, and he must say such treatment from a lady of Mrs. Leader's rank amounted to oppression.

"Yes, sir, that is the word." The scorn on the Doctor's lips was wonderful. The little "landed gentleman" shrank from him. "What amende"—pronounced al-mond—"what almond can I ask for? Tell me that?"

"My dear sir, I was just writing to you. We have been so busy, and if you will allow me—if you would not think me exceeding what may be due to professional etiquette—to ask you to name——"

At this pleasing moment Mrs. Leader entered hastily. "Never mind that now, dear," she said. "I'll settle all that later. I want you. Pray excuse us, Mr. Findlater; you know we are in such a fuss."

This disappointment ratified the act of hostility between the parties. "She'll pay me that twenty pounds yet," for at such a figure did the Doctor estimate his loss, "the poor kite's-claw toady, and may the genteel ladies snub her till she turns sick! She get on in society! not if she was to say, 'there's five hundred pounds down, and ask me to your party.' What decent lord or lady could have such an old Judy at their routs, with all her tawdry silks and ribbons stuck about her? Oh, I'll be even with you yet, ma'am!"

A ONCE FAMOUS ABDUCTION.

EARLY in July, 1817, Miss Maria Glenn, a young West Indian lady, daughter of a gentleman who held plantations in the island of Saint Vincent, and who had been for some time residing at Taunton with her uncle, Mr. G. F. Tuckett, a barrister, was sent for change of air to the house of a Mrs. Bowditch, the widow of a farmer, who lived at Holway Farm, a mile and-a-half

from the town. This Mrs. Bowditch had two sons, James and William, who resided with her, and also two daughters, Susannah and Elizabeth. Mrs. Mulrairie, a young married woman, was also lodging at the farm-house. Two little daughters of Mrs. Tuckett's, one five and the other four years old, accompanied their cousin to Holway Farm.

The communication between the gentleman's household and that of the Somersetshire farmer was frequent. Mrs. Tuckett, who was an invalid, frequently drove over to see her niece and her children, while, except when the sessions or assizes at Bridgwater detained him in court, Mr. Tuckett walked or rode over to Holway, sometimes even twice a day. Nearly every day, too, Mary Whitby, the servant, who waited on the children, went over to Taunton for their food, as the farm-house fare was considered too rough for them.

Miss Glenn returned to her uncle's house at Taunton, on the 2nd of September, and was the next week to be sent to a school at Chelsea. On the 16th of September, early in the morning, Mrs. Tuckett was informed by her servant that Miss Glenn was not in her bedroom, nor could she be found until the day after, when it was discovered (from information given by country people who knew the family), that James Bowditch, a son of the widow at Holway Farm, had carried her off (it was supposed by force), and that she was then at Thornford, at the house of a Mrs. Paul, a married daughter of Mrs. Bowditch. Mr. Leigh, Mr. Tuckett's solicitor, at once proceeded in search of Miss Glenn, and brought her back to her uncle's house.

The following history of the supposed abduction was then given by Miss Glenn, and to it she ever afterwards adhered. She said:

"On the Saturday previous to the 2nd of September, Mrs. Mulrairie and Mrs. Bowditch came into the room to me, and Mrs. Bowditch asked me whether it was true that it was my uncle's intention to take me away, as had been mentioned to her, and whether he intended on the following Monday that I should leave. I told her it was: then Mrs. Bowditch said that her son was lost, and asked me what would become of her son; upon which I asked her what she meant. Mrs. Mulrairie then said, that I could not be ignorant—that I could not have been so long there without being sensible of the attachment of James Bowditch. I told her that

I was excessively surprised, and asked what my uncle and aunt would think if they knew they had spoken to me in such a way. I begged them to say no more, for I could not believe it, and they distressed me very much. I then took my two cousins by the hand and went up-stairs. On the Tuesday evening, which was the evening before I went home, Mrs. Mulrairie came into my room where I was with my two cousins, and, I believe, the servant, and entreated me to come out and speak to Mr. Bowditch; for, since he had heard that I was going to leave, he was like one distracted, and that all the family had tried to reason with him, but to no effect; and if I spoke he would be contented. I refused for a great while, as I thought it extremely wrong; but at last I did. I went to the door by the garden. It was very dark. I saw a man whom I took to be James Bowditch. As nearly as I can recollect, I told him I was surprised at what I had heard; for on the Monday before I had told his sister what his mother had said, and how uneasy it had made me, and she then said it was merely a joke of her mother's. I told him I was surprised to hear it spoken of again. Mrs. Gibbons was the sister who had said this. I persuaded him to give up all thoughts about it. He made no reply, and I then returned to the parlour. Mrs. Mulrairie accompanied me home on the Wednesday, and on the way she told me she was exceedingly sorry at what had passed, and how foolishly James Bowditch had behaved; but it was not to be helped. When there was such a young girl, and such a nice young girl, in the house, it was not to be supposed a young man could help being fond of me. She begged me not to be uneasy; she was sure he would be sensible of the difference between us, and it would all come to nothing. On September 15th, Mrs. Mulrairie and Betsy Bowditch (afterwards Mrs. Gibbons) called upon me at my uncle's house; and Mrs. Mulrairie desired me to ask my aunt's leave to walk out, as she had something very particular to say to me. I said, I could not think of asking my aunt's leave, as I was persuaded she would not allow me to go. I went, however, to ask my aunt, and she would not allow me to go. When I told this to Mrs. Mulrairie, she said to Betsy Bowditch, 'So I thought.' She then said that James Bowditch was like one distracted; that he was determined not to live, but to murder me, and himself afterwards. She said that I could not suppose it was any interest to

her; that she merely spoke out of friendship for me, as she was assured that if I did not consent to what Bowditch required he would murder me; that in whatever part of the world he was, he would find me out, and certainly destroy me, &c. I felt very much terrified, and believed as true everything she told me. Mrs. Mulraine then said, 'Swear, upon your life and soul, you will do what Mr. Bowditch wishes you. Only think what a dreadful thing it would be to be murdered, for that would certainly be the case,' &c. She said, 'Will you swear upon your life and soul?' I felt exceedingly frightened, and said, 'Yes!' They then went away. On the same day, after dinner, I met Jane Marke upon the stairs, and she said she had met Mr. Bowditch; but without speaking to her I went into my bedroom, where she followed me, and she said, she always had a great regard for me, and she felt very much Mr. Bowditch's attachment for me, and spoke in the same manner as Mrs. Mulraine had done. She used to come to me in the same way on every opportunity, and always spoke on the same subject, entreating me not to tell my aunt and uncle; for that I was too young to know the danger that I should be put into. Elizabeth Snell, the housemaid, spoke the same as the others. Once when she came into the bedroom, she found me crying, and told me not to distress myself. The crying arose from the distress of my mind in consequence of what I had been told by them. Elizabeth Snell begged me not to vex myself as I did. I asked her how I could help it, and that it made me so miserable, that to relieve my mind I must speak to my aunt and uncle about it. She then said, 'So, miss, I would *devise* you to do so;' or some such expression. I said, 'What, and do what Mr. Bowditch tells me, or be murdered?' 'Oh! miss,' said she, and she shook her head and wrung her hands, 'what a dreadful thing it is! I would not be you for all the Indies in gold. But I will have nothing to do with it, one way or the other.' It was in the same week of the Saturday that I put my name to some paper. Jane Marke took every opportunity of speaking to me in that week. The nursemaid, Mary Whitby, also spoke to me in the same way. On Saturday, the 25th of September, I was returning from market, between nine and ten in the morning, when I met James Bowditch and Mrs. Mulraine. Mrs. Mulraine said, 'You have been to market?' I said, 'Yes.' She then

said, 'Come with us. I want to tell you something.' I said I could not; for I must return to my aunt. She said, 'Don't be foolish; come, come at once.' I still said, No, I could not, for I must go to my aunt. James Bowditch then said, waving his hand, 'Go! You know already what I have stated, and it is no use to repeat it again.' He looked fierce. Mrs. Mulraine then said, 'Go! why don't you go? You know what he has said.' He said then, 'Aye, and I'd do it too.' I felt greatly alarmed, and followed them both directly, up East-street, till they came to some court, when I stopped, but Mrs. Mulraine said, 'Come in; now don't be foolish again.' I then went into the court with them, into a house that appeared to be at the bottom of the court, when I saw the wife of William Bowditch, who soon after came in. Mrs. Mulraine then fetched pen, ink, and paper, and said, 'I want you to write something;' and I said, No, I could not: I must go home. Mrs. Mulraine then said, 'It is no use to repent. You know what Mr. Bowditch has said. Take up a pen, and I will tell you what words to write.' I then wrote, in substance, that I would comply with everything James Bowditch required, and what James Bowditch would wish me to do, and that my age was sixteen. She made me leave several spaces in the paper. I put my name to the paper, and then Mrs. Mulraine put her hand over my shoulder and took it away. William Bowditch remained in the room while I was writing, and then went out and returned with a person I had not seen before, a man whom I now know to be Mr. Oxenham. He had a large paper in his hand, with writing on it, which looked like Greek to me. He asked me to sign this paper, and I took up a pen and put my hand to the middle of the bottom of the paper; but he pushed my hand, and said, 'No, not there.' When I had signed it, Mrs. Mulraine opened the door of the parlour. Mr. Oxenham left the room first. I walked up the court, with Mrs. Mulraine on one side and James Bowditch on the other. I then returned home. On Sunday I went to church with my aunt, and saw Mrs. Bowditch there. My aunt walked home, and Mrs. Bowditch sat by her side. It was the Scotch church, where my aunt is not in the habit of going, and they sat in the same pew. My aunt told her she was going to send me to school in London. Mrs. Bowditch appeared greatly surprised, and hoped I would take leave of her before

I went. My aunt said, Yes, and that she would bring me herself. I felt highly pleased at the idea of going to school. After I returned from church in the morning, Jane Marke brought me a note from Mrs. Mulrairie. I do not recollect what I did with it, but fancy that I put it into a small red trunk where I used sometimes to put my letters in, as near as I can recollect. The note was about James Bowditch, still speaking in the same manner of James Bowditch, saying he would have me; that there would be no use in my telling my aunt and uncle; that they were going to take me away, but when she could not state; it might be the latter end of the week, or the beginning of next. My aunt had said that I was to go to Chelsea very early in the week, and told Mrs. Bowditch so. I went to bed about nine or ten, and on my oath did not know what was to happen that night. I was more happy and tranquil than I had been before, from the idea of going to school, and so escape danger from these people. My two little cousins slept in the room with me. I shut the door, but was never in the habit of locking it. My bedroom was next to my uncle's. My aunt always locked her door. After I had fallen asleep, Jane Marke came and awoke me. Jane Marke had no light with her, but it was a moonlight night. I should not have known it was Jane Marke but by her voice. She appeared much taller, and had something covering over her face like a handkerchief. She said, 'Get up; they are all waiting; get up. You know what James Bowditch has said; come, come at once.' She then lifted me out of bed. I felt quite unable either to speak or cry. She then put on my clothes, without either tying or lacing any of them. I have a confused recollection of her going to my drawers (I always kept my drawers open), and hearing her pushing from one end of the drawers to the other end, pushing about something; but whether it was my clothes, or not, I do not know. She then took me by the arm and pulled me down the stairs; when I was about half-way down, I spoke in a whisper, for I could not speak loud, though I tried several times. I said, 'Oh, Jane!' upon which she pushed me down the remainder of the stairs. I was sensible of the great noise made by pushing me, and I saw the door of my uncle's office, which was the back parlour, wide open, and the window-shutters open. The window was down to the ground of the garden. Jane Marke then took me up, and put me

out of the window; and I saw some person in the gravel-walk, whom I found was Mr. James Bowditch. There were several persons outside the gate, and Mr. William Bowditch was on the step of my uncle's garden. The other persons were Mrs. Mulrairie, Betsy Bowditch, Jane Bowditch, and several persons whom I did not know. James Bowditch took my arm and pulled me down the garden; William Bowditch took the other arm. The door of the garden was wide open. I have no recollection after that of anything more. I do not recollect how it was, or where they took me. The first thing I remember after coming to my senses was, sitting on a step, and Betsy Bowditch putting on one of my shoes. Mrs. Mulrairie was there, and said, 'Only think of her walking all the way without her shoes!' and Betsy Bowditch said, 'Her feet must be blistered.' They then took me to a house, where I saw Mr. William Bowditch. It was not daylight then. I did not stay there long, but went to Holway Farm into Mrs. Mulrairie's bedroom. Mrs. Owen was in bed with Mrs. Mulrairie. I said to Mrs. Mulrairie, 'What will become of me! Oh! that I could but go to my uncle's.' She then said, 'You had better not let Mr. Bowditch hear this.' Mrs. Owen then said to Mrs. Mulrairie, 'This is a most scandalous and abominable thing for a young creature like this to be left in this way—such a young thing as she is.' Old Mrs. Bowditch came upstairs, and said, 'Come with me, directly.' When I went down-stairs, I saw the two Bowditches in the kitchen, and Mrs. Bowditch took from the table a cup which had something black in it. She then desired me to drink it, which I did. It was something bitter. One of the Mr. Bowditches—I think it was James—came and said, 'Now it is time for us to be off.' The two Bowditches took me by the arms down the garden, and through a field at the end of the garden, and there I saw a gig. James Bowditch lifted me into the gig, and then old Mrs. Bowditch threw up the leather, and stood upon the step of the gig, and gave me something of the same which she had before given me in the cup. I refused to drink it at first, but she made me. I recollect the gig setting off, and passing through some fields, but nothing further, till I heard James Bowditch calling out to know what o'clock it was, but I did not hear any answer. I saw a man riding before the gig at some distance, and afterwards found it was William Bowditch. We

got to Thornford early in the morning. James and William Bowditch were holding me at the door of Mr. Paul's house in Thornford, when Mrs. Paul came out at another door, and, without speaking, she took me by the hand into a room. Mrs. Paul is a daughter of Mrs. Bowditch. The room appeared to be a kitchen. I was then taken up-stairs to a bedroom. I saw Mr. Paul a few minutes after I entered the house. He was walking up and down the room, and said in an exulting manner, 'I suppose all the bells in the parish will be ringing by-and-bye.' Mrs. Paul asked James Bowditch if he had not had a tiresome journey, and he said, pointing to me, 'Yes; I could not keep her in the gig. She was one minute laughing, and the other crying. I thought I should not have been able to keep her in the gig. I never saw anything like it.' I was then taken to a person standing by the window—a Mr. Gould. Mrs. Paul took me to him, and the others followed. He was a tall man, with a large paper in his hand, which he appeared to be reading very earnestly. He asked me what age I was, and I said sixteen. He then asked me whether I had the consent of my friends or parents, and I said, No. He then looked over the paper very rapidly, and said, 'Nonsense! this marriage can never be legal.' James Bowditch then gave me a very severe look. The man who said the marriage would not be lawful then said, 'Never mind, you can be married just the same,' and looked at the paper, and smiled. I began to cry, and put my head on Mrs. Paul's shoulder. I was sick and giddy, and doubted that I was going to fall, and therefore put my head on Mrs. Paul's shoulder. Mrs. Paul carried me up-stairs, and I remained up-stairs all the time I was there, except at some intervals, when Mrs. Paul desired me to come to dinner where Mr. Templer was, and also when Susannah Bowditch desired me to come down, when I was shivering with cold, and warm myself. Except upon these occasions, I was up-stairs the whole of the day. I heard from Susannah Bowditch that Mr. Templer, a nephew of Mr. Paul and a clergyman, was coming to dinner. I sat down at the dinner-table. Mr. Templer helped me to some beef. I put a bit in my mouth, but could not take any more, for I felt I was going to cry. I left the room just after Mr. Templer helped me, and before the cloth was removed. Afterwards, Susannah Bowditch asked me to come down, for her brother was not in the room; but directly

after I went into the kitchen he came in. There were pens and ink and paper, and when Susannah Bowditch went out, I began a letter; then James Bowditch came in, and snatched the paper from me, and said, no one could blame him if he treated me ever so unkindly, as I provoked him to do so. He also said, 'You saying you were only sixteen to-day to that gentleman, and saying you had not the consent of your parents, when you know you have, and when you know you are twenty-one, and have the consent of your friends and parents.' He also called me names. I then went up-stairs, and locked my door. I remained there the greatest part of the time till the next day, when Mr. Leigh came from Mr. Tuckett's, and took me away."

Mr. Tuckett and the people of Taunton were naturally furious at the alleged conspiracy. A young lady of great expectations to be allured and finally all but forced into a marriage with a mere labourer; a lady, too, so gentle, timid, and young, to be drugged, and forced to sign away her fortune by such a gang. Was this Somersetshire? Was this the boasted nineteenth century?

James Bowditch, his mother, Mrs. Mulrairie, and seven other accomplices, were tried at Dorchester, before Mr. Justice Park and a special jury, on the 25th of July, 1818. The indictment was for abduction, conspiracy, assault, and false imprisonment. Mr. Serjeant Pell and Mr. Williams appeared for the prosecution. Miss Glenn, modest, shrinking, frightened, and eminently decorous, repeated the statement we have already given. She denied that she had ever promised to meet James Bowditch in the French Weir-fields after her return home. She had, the week before she was forced by threats to leave her uncle's house, been pursued by a man and a woman in those fields, but had escaped them.

Mr. Tuckett gave his evidence in a violent and decided manner, corroborating his niece's statement. She had returned ill from Holway; but had seemed to recover directly he proposed the Chelsea school. The week he returned he had come upon James Bowditch talking to his servant, Mary Whitby, at the turnpike-gate. He had heard that Bowditch was a lover of the girl's, and that he had been seen about the house, and he had warned the girl on the subject. Bowditch turned scarlet when he saw him, and abruptly shuffled off. About four o'clock on the morning of the

abduction, he went into Miss Glenn's room to tell her that Mrs. Tuckett was unwell, and found her gone. He instantly sent off express in all directions, aroused the servants to open the gate, that he might go in pursuit, and said:

"You are all detaining me to prevent my going. She would not have attempted it by herself: she was not bold enough."

They all loudly protested their innocence, and declared they knew nothing at all about the matter. Soon after this, however, Mary Whitby confessed the truth, on a promise of forgiveness. She told him Miss Glenn had gone off with James Bowditch, and that she had heard her say that she would poison herself, if she could not have him. He then said to the servants:

"Convince me of your innocence by going directly to Holway, and bringing back my niece."

On the afternoon of that day he met a woman (Mrs. Mulraine), who seemed much agitated; she held a note in her hand, and asked him if he had heard of his niece. She then informed him that she was a mere visitor at the Bowditches, and that she had come down out of friendship to tell him his niece was at Thornford. He then went straight to his solicitor.

Mary Whitby, the servant implicated in the elopement, or the abduction, whichever it might be, swore very hard. She pleaded that she had acted in the whole matter to please James Bowditch. It was at the desire of Jane Marke, she said, that she told Miss Glenn she must go away with James Bowditch, or that he would certainly murder her. James Bowditch also pressed her to make Miss Glenn like him, and so did William Bowditch; Mrs. Mulraine also intreated her. James Bowditch spoke of his love for Miss Glenn, and she heard Mrs. Bowditch say (all in the same tone) that she did not know what had come to James. Jane Marke had told her the day Miss Glenn was to be carried off; on the afternoon of that day, James Bowditch met her at the turnpike, and asked her to leave Mr. Tuckett's front door open that night. Coming home from church, Jane Marke told her that she had a letter from Mrs. Mulraine for Miss Glenn, and that she (Mary) must leave Miss Glenn's door open that night, and also the back-parlour window. She could do it in a minute, and prevent any noise being made. Jane Marke also said that, when asked about it, they must have a stare on their countenances, or else they would all be hanged. Cross-

examined: She had never heard Miss Glenn say that she wished Mrs. Bowditch to teach her how to be a farmer's wife. When they marked Miss Glenn's stocking with a B., it was by Jane Marke's desire, not by Miss Glenn's.

The Reverend Blakely Cowper, surrogate to the Dean of Salisbury, deposed that, on the 18th of September, James Bowditch came for a marriage licence. He swore (after a little hesitation) that the lady was twenty-one, and signed the bond.

The first witness for the defence, John Oxenham, an attorney of Taunton, who had succeeded to Mr. Kinglake's business, denied Miss Glenn's evidence in toto. He had never shown her a document in Greek, or any other language. He had never seen the lady till Mr. Leigh brought her to his predecessor's office in January. He had not been to Bowditches' house in September. Mr. William Bowditch had come to him in that month and mentioned his brother's intended marriage. The witness then produced two most damning letters of Miss Glenn's—one beginning "My dear James," and asking him to buy the licence, and the other directed to Mrs. Mulraine, fixing a secret interview at half-past twelve at night. The authenticity of both these letters Miss Glenn, however, solemnly denied.

A great many persons from the neighbourhood of the Bowditches' farm were then called. There was plenty of evidence, clearly proving that James Bowditch and Miss Glenn had been much together, and apparently as lovers. One farmer had seen them walking together "as though a little in the sweetheart way." A gardener had seen them together in French Weir-lane. A third man, who was much tormented by the counsel, because he had been drinking with the Bowditches before the trial, deposed to seeing Miss Glenn run out of Mr. Tuckett's house after James Bowditch, take his arm and walk off. But a Mrs. Priest, a relation of Mrs. Mulraine, proved more than all the rest, and her statement, if not refuted, settled the matter. She said that Miss Glenn occasionally called on Mrs. Mulraine, and once came and inquired if James Bowditch was there. Miss Glenn and James Bowditch called together once, and walked away together. Witness remembered the christening of Mrs. Mulraine's child. Miss Glenn and Betsy Bowditch were the godmothers, and James Bowditch was godfather. The church at which the christening took place was St. Mary Magdalene.

All the Bowditch witnesses were like this. They all proved familiarity between Miss Glenn and James Bowditch. One man, a labourer, who had worked at Holway Farm, proved even more, if he could be believed. Miss Glenn had laughingly shown him a ring with which she said she was going to be married to James Bowditch; and one day coming back from St. Mary Magdalene, when he asked her if the knot was tied, she replied, "Ay, and so tied, that, thank God, it cannot be untied." He had also seen Miss Glenn insist on putting her arm round James Bowditch's neck.

Then came a person of education, the Reverend George Templer, a clergyman and a magistrate, a relation of the Pauls, who remembered Miss Glenn dining with the Pauls, and being as cheerful and sociable as the rest; and Edmund Jones, a servant of his, swore to having seen Miss Glenn sitting on James Bowditch's knee playing at dominoes.

Susan Bowditch swore that Miss Glenn always spent her evenings at Holway in the kitchen with her brother and the servants, and that she had frequently seen her behave with gross impropriety to her brother, treading on his toes, throwing her handkerchief at him, &c. When Miss Glenn arrived at Holway, after the so-called abduction, she was lively, full of spirits, and in no distress at all. She (the witness) had not told Mrs. Tuckett of the young lady's conduct because she was about to leave. A Mrs. Owen, a relative of the Bowditches, then got into the witness-box, and deposed that when Miss Glenn returned to Holway she reproved her for taking so imprudent a step.

Miss Glenn was recalled, and in the same modest way as before, denied the Bowditch evidence point blank. It was entirely untrue. She had never said that if Mrs. Mulraine would not go with her she would go by herself. She had not got into the gig first, and then helped up James Bowditch. She had never been to a christening with the Bowditches.

The Dorsetshire jury was deeply roused by Mr. Tuckett's wrongs. The counsel for the defence even waived the right of reply. Mr. Serjeant Pell (for the prosecution) was about to address the jury, when the foreman stopped him, and said that the jury had made up their minds against the defendants, with the exception of Elizabeth Snell. Mr. Justice Park then remarked that all the evidence given on the part of

the defendants was merely a confirmation of a nefarious conspiracy, and sentenced the prisoners to various terms of imprisonment, the longest reaching a period of two years.

But the Bowditches' friends would not let the matter rest here. They obtained fresh evidence to prove that Miss Glenn, instead of being modest, was on the contrary bold, and that from the first week of her lodging at Holway she had tried in the coarsest way to allure the young farmer. They also obtained affidavits from the most unimpeachable persons of Taunton, proving that she had repeatedly been seen walking in the fields with young Bowditch, especially shortly before the elopement. Sympathy, indeed, went so far, that nearly four hundred pounds were raised in Taunton to succour the Bowditches.

The Court of King's Bench was at once moved to grant a new trial. The Chief Justice was cautious; but Mr. Justice Best spoke violently against the defendants. He was fully persuaded that Miss Glenn had been taken away by force; she was of a peculiarly gentle and timid nature, and had been influenced by fear; and he, moreover, expressed astonishment that two inspectors of franks had been found to pronounce the two letters Mr. Oxenham produced to be in Miss Glenn's writing. The new trial was refused.

The Bowditch party, like true Englishmen, growing only more determined at the rebuff, procured additional affidavits, and preferred an indictment for perjury against Miss Glenn and Mary Whitby, the servant. The case came on before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, at the Court of King's Bench, October 2, 1820. Mr. Scarlett, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Adolphus, and Mr. Jeremy for the prosecution; Mr. Serjeant Pell, Mr. Gaselee, and Mr. Moore for the defence.

It went badly against Miss Glenn from the first. A sequence of deliberate perjury was never more clearly proved. It was shown, by Mary Priest, a joiner's wife, that Miss Glenn did attend the christening of Mrs. Mulraine's child, being there in a peach-coloured Spencer, a white frock borrowed from Mrs. Mulraine, and a straw hat. Several witnesses deposed to seeing her going and returning, and to a friend she boasted that she "had tricked her uncle," by wearing borrowed clothes. William Turle, a music-master at Taunton, deposed to having been at the christening party. There was music and dancing. William

Bowditch said, "The child would be a fool if the godmothers were not kissed." The whole party then kissed Miss Glenn and Elizabeth; James Bowditch was jealous, but Miss Glenn went up to him and said, "Oh, never mind, that's nothing." It was also proved that Mary Whitby was there all that evening.

About this most important matter of the christening—which, if proved, at once stamped Miss Glenn as perjured—there was hard fighting. Mr. Tuckett swore that on the very day of the christening, the 27th of August, he went over to Holway Farm, and remained with Miss Glenn from eleven till four. He remembered that he saw none of the Bowditches, and was struck with the peculiar stillness of the house. Mrs. Bowditch had often remarked to him Miss Glenn's pretty, modest behaviour. On being cross-examined, however, Mr. Tuckett confessed that it was not till two months afterwards at Bath, that he remembered and mentioned that special visit to Holway.

James Woodford a carpenter, deposed that he was in Magdalene Church repairing a pew, when the christening took place. He particularly remembered Susan Bowditch, one of the godmothers, because she had a defect in one eye. Miss Glenn was not there. The day was that on which a funeral took place of a young man who had been drowned. Mr. Scarlett, however, called witnesses to show that the christening seen by the carpenter was of a Mr. Scarlett's child, and the man's own wages book showed that on the day of the Mulrairie christening he had been working at home. A rebuke for ignorance he remembered to have been administered to the godfather James Bowditch was proved to have happened at the Scarlett christening. But the most conclusive and fatal evidence was that of Mrs. Atkinson, at whose house Mr. Tuckett lodged at Bath. She deposed seeing Whitby the servant in great distress at Miss Glenn's arrival. She said she had done that which would never let her be happy again. She then confessed that Miss Glenn had been to the christening of Mrs. Mulrairie's child.

The evidence of Jane Marke, one of Mr. Tuckett's servants, was conclusive as to Miss Glenn's elopement being voluntary. Miss Glenn confessed to witness that she had been at the christening. Miss Glenn threatened to poison herself if witness told her uncle of the intended elopement.

Many highly respectable witnesses unacquainted with the Bowditches, and unprejudiced in the case, then swore to having

seen Miss Glenn and James Bowditch together several times in French Weir-fields and East Reach the week before the elopement. A servant of the Bowditches was also called and deposed to having frequently seen Miss Glenn in the Bowditches' kitchen, playing with them at blind-man's buff.

That was the case: Mr. Scarlett, in an eloquent speech, said that Mr. Serjeant Pell had told the jury that Miss Glenn would undergo the strictest examination at his hands; "but," said the learned counsel, "I should be sorry to become an instrument in causing that unhappy young lady to add any more sin to a conscience already overloaded with guilt. I feel more for her future state, when she will have to appear before a higher tribunal, than I can possibly feel for my clients." The conduct of Mr. Tuckett had disgraced the profession to which he belonged. The Bowditches up to the period of the Dorchester trial had borne irreproachable characters, and had been an established and respectable family in the neighbourhood of Taunton for upwards of a century. As to James Bowditch obtaining a marriage licence, he was prepared to prove that Miss Glenn had imposed upon him as to her age, and that on his discovering the fact, he had refused to have the marriage solemnised, and had intended to wait until banns had been published.

The jury immediately returned a verdict of Guilty. That same night Mr. Tuckett and Miss Glenn fled together and embarked in the first West Indian steamer that started from Bristol. So much for Miss Glenn's timid modesty. The Examiner at once took up the case of the ill-used Bowditches, and started a subscription to defray the two thousand five hundred pounds they had incurred as the cost of legal proceedings.

At the next assizes all the Bar went in a body to see Mr. Tuckett's house; they found it very small, and without the gallery and French windows alluded to by Miss Glenn, in her romantic version of the elopement.

The astounding wonder of the trial is that the courts of those days did not insist on measurements. Models were not then in fashion. Miss Glenn was taken out of her uncle's house, she said, by force, in the middle of the night, yet without waking the family. And no wonder; for the evidence given about the "corridor," and the "gallery," and the "hall," made the house appear like a duke's mansion. The thing was wonderful, even on the mansion theory;

but when the visitors saw a house of very modest and moderate dimensions, with a "corridor" in which two servants could not pass one another abreast, even in antecrinoline days, they were astonished, and learned something about the value of evidence of dimensions. The whole was an extraordinary instance of successful perjury, in which a large number of witnesses stood cross-examination to the satisfaction of a jury.

The moment that the guilty flight of Miss Glenn and Mr. Tuckett was known, the Examiner broke forth with its usual generous violence at the grievous wrong that had been done to Mrs. Bowditch and her fellow-sufferers, and at the gross way in which the judges had been deceived by foul arts and audacious perjuries. Redress was demanded for "the aged and widowed mother of a family still dependent on her for support," who, having been pronounced guilty on perjured evidence, and denied a second trial, had suffered eighteen months' imprisonment in a crowded and expensive jail one hundred and fifty miles from her place of abode, and finally liberated, laden with two thousand five hundred pounds costs, without strength, spirits, or means of subsistence, to return home and take a last look of the fields she and hers had for so many years contentedly cultivated. The Examiner complained bitterly, also, of Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Bankes, M.P., the foreman of the Dorchester jury, for their eagerness against the Bowditches and their palpable bias and prejudice.

But the law is slow to acknowledge its faults, and nothing material was done to atone for the unjust punishment inflicted on an imprudent, but by no means a guilty, woman. As an instance of resolute and audacious perjury, carried out by a young person hitherto apparently innocent, the case has no parallel, except in the celebrated case of Elizabeth Canning, in 1752, who was transported for having obtained the punishment of an old gipsy and another woman, who, she swore, had imprisoned her in a house near Enfield Wash.

COFFEE GROUNDS OF CUBA.

• My experience of the Spanish West Indies warrants me in the assertion that a tropical climate has but one season throughout the year, and that season is summer. The months of August and September, however, are favoured with a special season of their own; but the prevail-

ing temperature can scarcely be defined by mounting mercury, neither can it be adequately described. It is during these blazing hot months that the ever-azure firmament seems to blink with blue: that the roads and pavement blister the soles of your feet; and that the gay-coloured house-fronts scorch your clothes of white drill and tan your Anglo-Saxon complexion. The Cubans have a mania for painting the fronts of their town residences a celestial blue, a blinding white, or a feverish yellow ochre: colours singularly trying to the eyes, and figurative eyesoars to artists in search of the harmonious. It is at this oppressive season of the year that I would relieve my exhausted vision with the grateful greens of the dusky olive, the pale pea, and the lively emerald. I pant for a plantation which shall shelter and not suffocate.

The realisation of my desire is kindly brought about by my intimate friend Don Miguel, who hospitably places at my disposal his hacienda in the country. Thither he himself is bound with Doña Cachita his wife, his children, certain friends, and domestics. So I make one of his party. Don Miguel is a wealthy planter, with I know not how many acres of rich soil, where the coffee-plant grows, yielding a couple of crops or so per annum to the labour of a small battalion of blacks.

On the morning of our departure for Don Miguel's coffee estate, Don Miguel is in the patio, presiding over the saddling and harnessing department; for some of us are to bestride horses. The ladies and children are to drive; mules, and carts drawn by oxen, are reserved for the conveyance of the luggage and the domestics. By way of dispelling our lingering somnolence, and fortifying us for the heavy journey before us, cups of strong coffee are handed round; and, with a view to getting over as much ground as possible before blinding daylight shall appear, we start at three o'clock to the minute.

The kittrins—light gig vehicles on wheels six yards in circumference, with shafts sixteen feet long, and drawn by mules bearing negro postilions in jack-boots—lead the way. The equestrians follow at a jog-trot; the extreme tips of their buff-coloured shoes lightly touching the stirrups; their knees firmly pressed against the saddles; their figures bolt upright and immovable. Then come the carts with shady awnings of palm leaves, drawn by oxen with yokes fastened to the points of their horns. The drivers probe them with long iron-tipped lances, and further goad them on by shout-

ing their names and adjective titles. But they move slowly, and are soon left miles behind. In their rear are a dozen mules with well-filled panniers, linked together in line by their tails and rope reins, and led by a mounted driver with a long whip, who grasps the end of the cord by which they are united, and shouts ferocious menaces as he goes.

It is still dark. The dew lies thick on everything; myriads of frogs and night insects yet hold their croaking concert; and the fire-fly cucullo, with its phosphorescent lantern, darts about here and there, like falling stars and fireworks. A stony stream has now to be forded. Into it splash the gigs; our horses following willingly, for they are thirsty, poor beasts, and the cool spring water is inviting. The roads are, so far, favourable to our march; but we have arrived at a piece of ground where muddy puddles lie horse-leg deep. A bridle road invites, but the thoroughfare being intercepted by brushwood and overhanging branches, it is not easy to effect a passage. Our leader, Don Miguel, accordingly unsheathes the long machete, which he wears like a sword, and hacks him an avenue for self and followers. The thicket is even darker than the high-road we have deserted, and our leader curbs his horse with caution while he lights a taper of brown wax; for the ground is slippery, and abounds in deep holes and unexpected crevices. From my position in the rear, the effect produced by the rays of the solitary illumination, is agreeable to the sight. The dark outlines of the riders who precede me appear like black silhouettes against a background of green and brown, and nature by candle-light looks like stage scenery.

We emerge again upon the main road, and at full speed gallop after our friends. We fall in with them at a tienda, or wayside inn, at which they have halted. The tienda is a queer combination of tavern, coffee-house, chandler's-shop, and marine store dealer's. The walls and ceiling are completely concealed by miscellaneous wares. Spurs and sardine boxes; candles, calico, and crockery; knives and nutmeg-graters; toys, tubs, and timepieces; rows of sweet hams, sheathed machetes, pulleys, coils of rope, farming implements, panama hats, buff-coloured country shoes; tin spoons, preserves, and French brandy. The innkeeper or shopkeeper of this out-of-the-world store, is a native of Barcelona—by name Boy—who pronounces Spanish with a very broad Catalan accent. We travellers

are his sole customers at present, and as we require only hot coffee at a medio the cup, aguardiente brandy at a creole penny the nip, a handful of cigars, and a packet of paper cigarettes, the profits derived from our patronage cannot be very great.

We are off once more, not to halt again until a cane field stops the way. The growing cane, with its bamboo-shaped fruit, and waving leaf of long grass, crops up to the right and left of us for miles, and terminates in the ingenio or sugar-works. The entrance to the proprietor's grounds is by a five-barred gate and a wigwam, both of which have been designed and constructed by an aged and decrepit African who occupies the latter. He crawls out of his domicile as we approach, and his meagre form is barely covered by a grimy blanket fastened to his girdle by means of a strip of dried palm bark. To all our questions, his solitary response is: "Si señor, miamo," being exactly the creole Spanish for the creole English: "Yes, massa." Having by this means satisfied ourselves that "miamo," his massa, is at home and willing to receive us, we proceed until we hear the clicking of a whip; and observe indistinctly a row of naked blacks whose brachial belongings are engaged in some earthy occupation. A big bronze-faced man, in a white canvas suit and a pancake panama hat, stands behind them and holds a long knotted whip, which he occasionally applies to their backs as a gentle reminder that time represents so many Spanish doubloons. This is the mayoral, or overseer. He seems to pride himself upon his masterly touch with the thong, for when no black skin forms an excuse for the practise of his skill, he flicks at nothing, to keep his hand in. The sorrow of this sight is greatly augmented by the dead silence; whenever the chastising weapon descends, the sufferer is mute.

The lawful owner of these lashed shoulders and of a couple of hundred more, has turned out to greet us. His unshaved countenance wears a sleepy expression, but the stump of a lighted cigar is already in his mouth. At a given signal, a couple of small slaves appear, with cups of hot coffee and a tray of long home-made cigars. Candela! Mine host invokes fire, and a little mulatto girl, upon whom it devolves to provide it, presents each smoker with a lump of red-hot charcoal in the clutches of a lengthy pair of tongs. Daylight is appearing, and warns us that we must be on the move again.

Adelante caballeros! Leaving the level cane district, for the next few hours we are

winding up mountains. At every turn of the road, the ingenio we have quitted grows smaller and smaller, till the planter's residence, the big engine-shed, and the negro cottages become mere toys under our gaze. Now we are descending. Our sure-footed animals understand the kind of travelling perfectly, and, placing their fore-paws together, like horses trained for a circus, slide down with the greatest ease.

Somebody ahead has exclaimed, "Miren!" We look, and behold a distant view of Don Miguel's cafetal. The path has become narrower, and we are encompassed by short thick hedges, dotted with red and black berries of a form not unlike diminutive olives. I pick and open one of these berries, and somebody observing, "Que café tan abundante!" I discover that what I have plucked is coffee in a raw state.

"Que admirable es la naturaleza!" sings a Spanish dramatist. Nature is, indeed, much to be admired, especially when you are viewing her in the shape of orange groves, where oranges, for the trouble of picking them, hang invitingly over your very mouth, seeming to say, "Eat me, stranger." Some are small and green as gooseberries; others are big as your head, and of a bright orange hue. Next on the cart of nature's dessert are the heart-shaped, smooth-skinned mangoes, with their massive and symmetrical tree. They are followed by a procession of lime-trees, citrons, nisperos, granadas, marañones, anones, zapotes, mamoncillos, and a host of other fruits with strange shapes and equally odd Hispano-Indian appellations. I grieve to relate that the king of fruits—the princely pine-apple—is far from being the exalted personage you would have expected him to be. Like a bachelor cabbage, he grovels in solitary state under our feet! Similarly, do we play at marbles with pomegranates, and practise tilting at the ring with citrons. Throw into the scene a few parasite and plantain trees with slender trunks and colossal leaves; fill in the foreground with gigantic ferns, aloes, and palmettoes, and the background with spotless blue; select for yourself from the nearest hothouse where specimens of exotic plants are nursed, and you are with us, dear—and none the less dear for being imaginative—reader!

Distant barking denotes that we are within ear-shot of our destination; and anon a couple of Don Miguel's faithful dogs come bounding along the road towards us.

"Hey, Esperules, old girl! What, and

Tocólo too?" Don Miguel caresses them in turn as each leaps to his saddle. A dozen more lie in ambush at the gate which leads to the coffee grounds, and through which we are now passing. The mayoral, with his wife and children, turn out to meet and welcome us. Crowds of Africans pay us homage and grin with delight. We halt in the patio and a score of half-naked grooms assist us in alighting, and watch and help us at our lightest movement. As it is evening dusk when we arrive, and as we are exhausted with our day's pilgrimage, we betake ourselves to our dormitories without a word. Here we are served by stalwart domestics, who bathe our burning feet in lukewarm water, and sponge our irritated bodies with diluted aguardiente. A clean shirt of fine linen; a fresh suit of whity-brown drill; a toy cup of black coffee; and we are refreshed and ready to do justice to dinner; to the ajiao of chicken and native vegetables; to the bacalao or stock-fish, with tomato sauce; to the boiled meat, cabbage, chocho, bacon and garbanzos; to the stewed goat, with accompaniment of yams, baked bananas, pumpkin and Indian corn; to the guava jellies and guanavana preserves mashed up with insipid creole cheese; to the juicy mangoes cut up in slices in the midst of Catalan wine and sugar; to the excellent black coffee, and home made cigars. These we discuss in the broad balcony without, where, seated on leather-bottomed chairs, we pass the rest of the evening.

The second overseer, with his staff of field slaves, fills the yard which faces us. The faithful vassals have ended their day's toil, and are come to beg the evening blessing of their lord and master. Blacks of both sexes and all ages stand before us in a row; some with machete reaping-knives under their arms, or bundles of maloja-fodder for the stable supply; others with the empty baskets into which they have been plucking the ripe coffee berry. Their evening costume consists of a loose garment of coarse canvas. The women wear head-dresses of gaily-coloured handkerchiefs twisted and tied in a peculiar fashion; the men have broad-brimmed straw hats and imitation panamas. The second overseer, with his inseparable whip, leans against our balcony with the air of a showman, as each black approaches with crossed arms to crave his or her master's blessing.

"La ben'dicion, miamo."

"It is given," says miamo Don Miguel with the supremest indifference.

Being in the country, and moreover tired, we retire for the night at a reasonable hour. We have to make the best of our extemporised couches, for our luggage and furniture are yet on their way, and probably will not put in an appearance before morning. Some of the guests, therefore, betake themselves to swinging hammocks, while others occupy Don José's catres—a species of folding bedstead not unlike an open apple-stall with a canvas tray.

Not until we have fairly taken possession of our temporary couches, do we fully appreciate Doña Cachita's forethought in providing many yards of mosquito netting. I have always dreaded a country life, no matter in what part of the world, on account of strange vermin. A shudder runs through me at the mention of earwigs and caterpillars; but give me a hatful of those interesting creatures for bedfellows in preference to a cot in Cuba without a mosquito net!

What is that sweet creature crawling cautiously towards me along the brick floor, looking like a black star fish with a round body?

"Oh it is nothing, massa," says my black valet. "I kill him in a minute, massa." Which he does with his naked heel. Only an araña peluda; in plain English, a spider of gigantic proportions, whose lightest touch will draw you like a poultice. I let the cucurrachos pass, for I recognise in them my old familiar friend the cockroach, whose worst crime is to leave an offensive smell on every object he touches. Neither do I object to the grillo, a green thing which hops all over the room; for I know it to be but a specimen of magnified grasshopper, who will surely cease its evening gambols as soon as the light is extinguished. But oh, by Santiago or any other saint you please, I would have you crush, mangle, kill, and utterly exterminate, that dark brown long-tailed brute, from whose body branch all kinds of horrible limbs, the most conspicuous of which are a pair of claws which resemble the handles of a jeweller's nippers. Only an alacran, is it? Son of the tropics, it may sound mildly to thee in thy romantic dialect, but in the language of Miamo Darwin, let me tell you, it is nothing more nor less than a scurrilous scorpion, whose gentlest sting is worse than the stings of twenty wasps. If the brother of that now squashed brute should drop upon me, during my repose, from that roof (which I perceive is of guano leaf, and ad-

mirably adapted for scorpion gymnastics), my appearance at the breakfast-table tomorrow, and for days after, will be hideous; to say nothing of my personal discomfort and fever. Now, a mosquito net stretched over you on its frame, effectually ensures you against such midnight visitors; and, if well secured on every side, will even serve to ward off the yard and a half of culebra or snake, which at certain seasons is wont to pervade your bedroom floor at night.

I am awakened at an early hour by Don Miguel's live stock, who hold their musical matinée in the big yard exactly under my open window. The bloated and presumptuous turkey-cock, guanaja, is leading tenor in the poultry programme. First fiddle is the gallo Inglés, or English rooster. Then come the double-bass pigs, who have free access to the balcony and parlour. A chorus of hens, chickens, and guinea fowls, varies the entertainment; while the majestic perjuil, or peacock, perched on his regal box, the guano roof, applauds the performance below in plaintive, and heart-rending tones. Before I am up and stirring, a dark domestic brings me a tiny cup of boiling coffee and a paper cigarette, and waits for further orders. Don Miguel proposes a stroll (he tells me) through his grounds. Our horses are soon led out and we bestride them, with an empty sack for a saddle and a bit of rope for a bridle. Better riders than the Cubans I never saw in an equestrian circus, and steadier and easier going animals than Cuban horses, I have never ridden on a "round-about" at a country fair.

We come upon a sorry sight at one of the secaderos, or coffee-drying platforms. A young mulatto woman is undergoing "veinte cinco" on a short ladder: in other words, is being flogged. They have tied her, face downward, by her wrists and ankles, to a slanting ladder, while an overseer and a muscular assistant in turn administer two dozen lashes with a knotted thong. She receives her punishment with low groans; when she catches a glimpse of the spectators she craves our intercession.

"Perdona miamo!"

The overseer laughs, and, turning to his visitors, offers his weapon with a polite invitation that one of us will try our skill. We all appeal to Don Miguel, and, at our earnest request, that humane gentleman orders his mayoral to let the culprit off. Smarting salt and aguardiente are then rubbed in for healing purposes, and the

wretched girl is conducted to a dark chamber, where her baby, five months old, is shortly afterwards brought her for solace and aliment. I venture to inquire the nature of her crime, and am assured that it is ungovernable temper and general insubordination of more than a month's standing.

Our horses are halting on one of the four secaderos, or barbacués—smooth platforms on which the ripe coffee-berry is laid and raked out to be blackened and baked by the sun. Near the secaderos is a circle of ground, hedged in like a bull-ring, and containing a horizontal fluted roller, turned by a crank. This roller, or pulping-mill, is made to gyrate by a mule, crushing in its perpetual journey the already baked coffee-berry, until the crisp husk peels off and exposes a couple of whity-brown, hard, oval seeds, upon which are inscribed two straight furrows. Those are winnowing-machines, for separating the chaff from the already milled grain. In that out-house a group of dark divinities are engaged in the difficult process of sieving and sorting. See with what exceeding dexterity Alicia, Ernestina, and Constanca—the black workers have the whitest of christian names—handle their big sieves. Alicia, cigar in mouth, takes an armful of the winnowed seed from the sack at her side, and transfers it to her sieve, which she shakes until the dust and remaining particles of husk fall like floating feathers to the ground. Then, by an expert turn of the wrist she separates the smaller and better quality of seed from the larger and coarser; and by another remarkable sleight of hand, tilts the former into its corresponding heap on the ground, and pours the latter into a sack. Constanca is scarcely as expert as Alicia though. Her sieve's perforations are wide enough to admit the small seed of the caracol, and she separates the two qualities by the ordinary process of sieving the small and retaining the great.

Well seated on his chestnut charger, Don Miguel conducts us by a circuitous path up an exceedingly steep hill. The trees are tall and ponderous; the leaves are, for the most part, gigantic and easy to count; the fruits are of the biggest; the mountain tops are inaccessible; and the rivers contain fish for Titans. Surely giants must have peopled Cuba, long before Columbus found out the colony! Don Miguel takes little or no interest in the landscape, his attention being wholly absorbed by the small round berries, which may before long be converted

into grains of gold, if the coffee crop yield as it promises.

The pickers are at their work. A score of them are close at hand, with their baskets already filled. Observe how they choose the dark red, and eschew the unripe green, or the black and overdone berry. The second overseer, whip in hand, is ever behind, to see that the pickers do not flag. He is a genuine white; but his complexion is so bronzed, that you would scarcely distinguish him from a mulatto, save for his lank hair and thin lips. He volunteers explanation. He points to the big fruit of the cacao, or cocoa plant, and shows which are the bread, the milk, and the cotton trees. Learning that I am a foreigner and an Englishman, he offers some useful information respecting certain trees and plants which yield invaluable products, such as might be turned to good account by an enterprising European, but which are unnoticed and neglected by the wealthy independent native. At our request, he unsheathes his machete and cuts us a few odd-shaped twigs from a coffee-bush, with which we may manufacture walking-sticks. He exhibits one of his own handiwork. It is engraved all over, polished and stained in imitation of a snake; and, as it rests in the green grass, it looks the very counterpart of such a reptile, with beady eyes and scaly back. On closer acquaintanceship, I find the second overseer to be a great cane connoisseur.

It is our breakfast hour, and Doña Cachita and the other ladies will not like to be kept waiting. So we return to the barbacué, where the powerful odour of roasting coffee is wafted towards us. The black cook is roasting a quantity of the drab seed, in a flat pipkin over a slow fire. She is careful to keep the seed in motion with a stick, lest it burn; and when it has attained the approved rich brown hue, she sprinkles a spoonful of sugar over it to bring out its flavour, and then leaves it to cool on the ground. Near her are a wooden pestle and mortar for reducing the crisp toasted seed to powder; and a small framework of wood in which rests a flannel bag for straining the rich brown decoction after it has been mixed and boiled.

Substantial breakfast over, some of us carry our hammocks and betake ourselves to the adjacent stream. Here, beneath the shade of lofty bamboos; within hearing of the musical mocking bird, the wild pigeon and the humming bird; in

the midst of sweet smelling odours; we lotus-eaters encamp, affixing each a hammock between a couple of trunks of trees. Here, we see nature under her brightest and sunniest aspect, and, divesting our imagination of oil and canvas landscape, arrive at the conclusion, that trees and plants are very green indeed, and of an endless variety of shade; that stones do not glitter, save where water damps them; and that a Cuban sky is far bluer than the most expensive ultramarine on a painter's palette.

BUTTERFLIES AMONG THE BEES.

OF the things which men manufacture for their use or gratification, how many survive the short-lived maker, and remain in existence long after he has ceased to require them! That this should be so with regard to the more solid and imperishable structures of wood and stone which we use as residences or public institutions, is intelligible enough, but that it should also be the case with some of those more frail and perishable articles of luxury which may be looked upon as the ephemera of manufacture, is much more surprising.

Some reflection of this sort will suggest itself to the mind of any person of a speculative disposition who visits the curious Fan Exhibition recently opened at the South Kensington Museum. Here is a collection of objects of the frailest and most perishable nature which have, some of them, lasted for a couple of centuries, and which remain now, sound and in good preservation, long after the hands which formerly handled them have mouldered into dust.

What hands, belonging to all sorts of renowned persons, may not have held and manœuvred the pretty playthings which are exhibited in this collection! We find here fans full of historical suggestions, some of which have a real story attached to them, while to others our imagination can supply one without much stimulating. Here, for example, is a fan representing the "Toilet of Madame la Marquise de Montespan," old enough to have been described by Madame de Sévigné (who was born in 1626, and died in 1696), in one of her celebrated letters. It is painted very elaborately on ivory, and shows us the Marquise sitting out of doors, grinning from ear to ear, while two attendants touch up her coiffure, and another, kneeling in front,

holds up a mirror in such a position that it is impossible for the lady to get a glimpse, even, of her reflection. On this simple composition how many eyes—some of them bright and mischievous enough no doubt—must have been cast since the artist sent it out of his atelier; eyes, whose owners thought less of the labour and ingenuity displayed in the work they looked at, than of the effect of their own eyelashes as they glanced downwards. And other fans there are, among those exhibited in the South Kensington Galleries, which are apt to set one thinking. There is one, numbered one hundred and thirty-nine, the sticks of which—if the gorgeously carved and decorated ivory handle which sustains the mount, must be so called—are said to have belonged to Madame de Pompadour. A similar legend attaches to a fan-mount, number two hundred and eighteen, decorated with some extraordinary lace, cut out in paper, fine as a cobweb, and much more intricate in pattern, and having medallion pictures in water-colour, introduced here and there with excellent effect.

There are some fans among those exhibited, which bring before us the image of the unfortunate Queen of Louis the Sixteenth. Three or four are reputed to have belonged to her, and one to have been painted in commemoration of her marriage with the Dauphin—that first act of the drama which was to have so tragical a termination. It is remarkable, by the way, in how many cases the motives of these fans have been inspired by the marriages of persons more or less illustrious. Besides this one, and another described as having been presented by Queen Anne to her goddaughter on her marriage with John Harvey, of Ickwell, there is one "symbolical of the marriage of Louis the Fifteenth and Maria Leczinska;" another, "produced for the marriage of the Duchess d'Orleans, in 1837," and others descending to still more modern times, commemorative respectively of the marriage of "La Comtesse de Paris" and of the "return of the Prince of Wales from the marriage of his sister-in-law to the Cesarewitch." And, passing from these to persons of less illustrious condition, we find a fan belonging to Lady Wyatt, which was presented to that lady's grandmother "on her wedding," and no less than three others presented, in the same way, to "Miss Raymond, on her marriage in 1772."

But other and less genial events than

marriage have, before now, given occasion for the production of these appendages of luxury. There are in this collection fans commemorative of death, mourning fans of funeral aspect, and on which are represented subjects of a lugubrious type, such as the "Widow of Nabal presenting herself to David," with appropriate and symbolical decorations. And, not less unlike what we are apt to associate with these frail and unpractical pieces of work, there are here even specimens of political and, in a certain way, business-like fans, which are very curious. What does the reader think of a republican fan, representing "l'Assemblée des Etats Généraux," and having on its reverse side a "statistical account of the fixed revenue and expenses of the year?" What, again, of a fan à la financière, on which are printed "the paper money and the decrees of the revolution in contrast with the consulate;" or of a Mirabeau fan, engraved with a bust of the great demagogue in its midst, and further decorated with representations of scenes from his life? This is a most truculent-looking fan, and is surrounded by a bristling red fringe, suggestive of flames, and bloodshed, and red caps of liberty, and everything else that is ferocious and un-fan-like.

The practical and business-like fans are more numerous in this collection than might be expected. Besides those spoken of above, there are one or two others of the same class which should not be left without mention; as for instance, a Spanish fan, the property of Mrs. Layard, with, for all decoration, a calendar, on which are inscribed the different historical events by which each day of each month has been rendered memorable. The signs of the Zodiac are also introduced to make this very curious arrangement complete. Another belonging to this same class, in which the attempt is made to combine the decoration of a fan with the diffusion of useful knowledge, has upon its mount all the laws and regulations of the game of whist, set forth in order.

There is a great difference in the matter of respectability of career between some of the fans in this collection and some others. A few of them have doubtless had the luck to play their part in highly virtuous society, but not very many. Here is a fan—one of the oldest in the collection, painted in the time of Charles the First—which was given by Princess Anne to her goddaughter, Sarah Robinson, which has probably had a re-

putable time of it, and led a passably decent life. What an unexceptionable career, again, must another fan in this collection have had, once the property of worthy old Queen Charlotte. There is also a fan here of the Princess Charlotte's, another which belonged to good Queen Adelaide, besides several which are the property of our own Queen, and some of which must have associations connected with them rendering them especially precious in her eyes.

Fans, however, are a scampish lot—that's the truth of it—and those which are suggestive of virtue and respectability are in a decided minority. Wandering from one to another of the specimens here exhibited, the impression conveyed is, undoubtedly, that we have got into rather lax company; the very presence of Cupids in such amazing numbers is alone calculated to make one suspicious. A Pierrot, again, is hardly a kind of personage in whose respectability and trustworthiness one is apt to place much confidence, and what are we to say of a fan in which are introduced "two bird-cages, the open wire-work contrived as peep-holes for the wearer," so that the said "wearer" could hold the fan up before her face, in guise of a mask, and yet see perfectly well anything that was going on on the other side of the rampart. There are actually two fans "contrived" upon this villainous principle in the collection, one French and the other German.

The subjects illustrated in these fans form a most heterogeneous jumble. Bible subjects, historical subjects, mythological, pastoral, bacchanalian, amatory, philosophical subjects, are all found crammed together, cheek-by-jowl. Perhaps the greatest anomaly of all, is a scientific fan, of which there is a specimen here, the decoration of this incongruous instrument consisting of a most elaborate pen-and-ink drawing of an academy of the sciences, with groups of students surrounded by all sorts of scientific appliances, globes, mathematical instruments, and the like. Any lady possessing such a fan as this, would, doubtless, find it very valuable in promoting conversation at evening parties; a remark which applies also, in an eminent degree, to a certain Spanish fan exhibited in this collection, which is ornamented with a multiplicity of very small photographs illustrative of bull-fighting, portraits of all the most celebrated matadors and other dramatic personæ of the bull-ring being included among them.

A capacity for promoting conversation,

which belongs to certain fans of eccentric decoration, is by no means one to be lightly esteemed; the writer of these lines has, before now, seen an entire company kept afloat conversationally for a good quarter of an hour after dinner while a fan, of which no one could quite make out the subject, was handed round among the guests and speculated on.

Some capital opportunities are afforded through the medium of such an exhibition as this for estimating what the fan-painter should aim at in pursuing his particular branch of art. He should decidedly cultivate colour, to begin with. The fans in this collection, which are executed in one shade, whether in sepia, pen and ink, or in a monotype of any kind—there is one in mauve, faces and all—being ineffective and unsatisfactory in every case. The colouring of the Chinese and Indian specimens is quite a study in their way, these Eastern people seeming to be really incapable of making a mistake in colour. There is a Japanese fan in red and silver, and one from China, silver filigree varied with blue, and green, and golden tints—which are both perfect models of harmonious colour. The comparative merits of the different kinds of sticks, slender or massive, richly decorated with colour and gilding, or plain carved ivory, or mother-o'-pearl, may also be studied here most advantageously. And one other point there is which it behoves the maker of fans to consider very carefully—the distribution of the folds which the closing up of the fan necessitates, and which require to be very carefully placed. There is one fan here in this collection so arranged that one of these creases exactly cuts off the end of the nose—it is seen in profile—of one of the persons represented, the effect of which accident is disastrous in the extreme.

But the fans of the past, though perhaps the most interesting part of this exhibition, will not alone occupy the attention of those who visit it. There is at one extremity of the gallery in which this collection is displayed, a screen on which are shown some of the most recent examples of fan-painting which could be got together; among them are some designs for fans by a Mademoiselle Alida Stolk, a Parisian artiste, which are most remarkable both for vigour and truth of execution, and also for skill in composition and arrangement. One of these, numbered four hundred and six, a fan-shaped arch of roses, with some specimens of iris interspersed among them,

and butterflies hovering over the flowers, is exceedingly beautiful, as indeed are the other designs by the same lady which hang near. The composition of these groups of flowers is singularly bold and free, and in this respect, as also in strength of effect, they surpass the single example of a similar kind exhibited by an English lady, Miss Charlotte James. This is a wreath of poppies and corn-flowers, painted, like the others, with the greatest delicacy and fidelity to nature, but somewhat fainter and more timid in execution than the sturdy productions of the Parisian lady. These flower compositions are all painted on silk (white, faint blue, and buff) in body colour, and they certainly suggest a new field of labour for our lady flower-painters. As a subject for a picture, a group of flowers, however well executed, is never satisfactory; but, as a decoration for a fan, there can be conceived nothing more perfectly suited to the purpose.

There is something exceedingly whimsical about the idea of this exhibition of objects so entirely frivolous and wanting in seriousness, held in a solemn government institution, and under the sanction of the "Science and Art Department" itself. As one looks along the gallery in which these brilliant toys are exposed, it is impossible not to be struck by a certain pleasant incongruity which this combination of things suggest. It is as if a set of idle useless butterflies had somehow got temporary possession of a bee-hive, and were flaunting their lovely wings in defiance of its legitimate hard-working inhabitants. Alas! the poor ephemera will have but a short lease of the premises, and will, doubtless, soon be ejected to make way for other, and more business-like, tenants!

IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

MAUD had no compunction, no doubt or misgiving as to what she had done, when she got home. Her only thought was, "If this fail, what can I do? I must quit Mortlands: but where am I to go?"

Lady Herriesson had been to her daughter's room, but had not found her there. No one had seen her since the morning, for even Maud's courage had not enabled her to come down to luncheon: and her mother, knowing the result of Sir Andrew's attempt to bring Maud to reason, was seri-

ously disquieted. She would be so headstrong! And Sir Andrew's wrath was so justly kindled against her! It was really most distressing. Two ladies who were staying in the house, and who, of course, knew all about it, consoled with Lady Herriesson, and informed the county afterwards how beautifully she had behaved, and how she had succeeded in smoothing matters over, to all appearance, at least. For, at dinner, Maud came down, looking very much as usual, and though she did not speak to Sir Andrew, she did to Mr. Durborough, and seemed anxious that the evening should pass off as little disagreeably as possible. Of course, every one, down to the footmen behind their chairs, knew that there had been "a jolly row between Sir Andrew and the young missis," and that Mr. Durborough and his acres had been ignominiously rejected by the young lady. The knowledge of this did not tend to make any one feel very comfortable, and Lady Herriesson's preternatural efforts to appear as if nothing particular were the matter, while she furtively glanced at Sir Andrew's scowling face between the flowers of the *épergne*, could deceive no one. But Maud acted the part she had determined to play, courageously, as she did most things; for the short time she should remain under the roof, let there be, at least, peace; she would set a guard upon her tongue, and upon her eyes, both too apt to be delinquents as she well knew; and she would resolutely decline all further discussion with either Sir Andrew, or her mother.

Mr. Durborough ate, as his own servant observed, "uncommon hearty, for one who's had the sack given him." He was silent; but that he always was; and it transpired that he meant to return to Durborough the following morning; this was the only evidence that Sir Andrew had annihilated his hopes by at last telling him the unvarnished truth. And the next day, he did, after an excellent breakfast, shake hands with the ladies all round, and step into his barouche, rigid and unmoved as ever; and having recovered from his astonishment at Maud's conduct, and grown to regard her with the commiseration due to a fitting candidate for Bedlam, he thought of his crops, during at least half of his twenty miles' drive home.

Lady Herriesson had made one more feeble effort to appeal to her daughter's feelings that last night, by asking her to come to her room and talk to her, as they

were going up to bed. Maud kissed her step-mother.

"Now if it is about Mr. Durborough or Sir Andrew, mamma. . . . More than enough has been said. I had rather not, if you please, discuss the matter any more. Anything else you have to say to me, I will listen to."

Then had Lady Herriesson sighed, and shaken her head very sadly—as was distinctly witnessed by the two visitors at the top of the stairs; and she and her daughter had parted, and passed onwards.

The following day, the one on which Mr. Durborough took his departure—was without incident worth record. Sir Andrew did not speak to Maud when she came down to breakfast (which, as the visitors agreed afterwards, she fully deserved), and as soon as Mr. Durborough's barouche had driven away, he ordered his horse, and rode in to the petty sessions at Scornton. The sharp administration of justice was a wholesome vent to the baronet's irritability, no doubt, for when he appeared at dinner that night, he was very much as usual, and perpetrated two dreary jokes, at which the lady-visitors and their husbands laughed, as in duty bound. These men, being distant connexions of Sir Andrew's, must, by all the conventional laws of what is right, stay at Mortlands once a year; but, being persons of no particular consideration, were bidden at what might be called odd times. Their presence now was an inestimable relief to Maud; they were all toadies of the lowest description, who acted as chorus to Sir Andrew or her mother, in a way that made Maud sick; but she felt grateful to them now for they broke that terrible trio.

Immediately after breakfast next morning, Maud hurried down to the village post-office. She had not slept all night; she was in a fever of excitement. There, sure enough, lay the letter directed, as Maud had requested, to M. H., in a cramped foreign-looking hand, with the Salisbury post-mark, and "Beckworth House," stamped in blue on the reverse side of the envelope. The post-mistress stared as, in reply to Maud's inquiry, she delivered this letter to her, and the young lady walked rapidly away. She tore open the cover; she could not wait even until she got into the park, but began reading the letter as she went down the street.

"Mrs. Cartaret has received Mary Hind's letter. It is satisfactory; and so is the testimonial, as far as it goes; but it says nothing, whether she has been in service

already. Mrs. Cartaret desires to see Mary Hind, in order to judge for herself. She is not easy to please. Her place is not an easy one. She will pay M. H.'s travelling expenses to Beckworth House (and back, should she not keep her), and give her a month's wages, at the rate of twenty pounds a year for a few days' trial. Mrs. Cartaret allows no followers, nor any light conduct. She will have no flowers nor tails. Mary Hind will be under the housekeeper, whom she must obey and treat with respect. She must not quarrel with her fellow-servants, or give herself airs. Many maids have left on this account. Mary Hind had better start at once. Beckworth House is eight miles from Salisbury, and the train will drop her at the park gate."

Perhaps Maud had hardly realised what her position was to be until she read this; for the colour mounted into her cheeks when she came to the "followers" and the "light conduct." . . . Well, never mind. The main thing was that she was to be tried; that a door was opened to her (though only ajar, as it were) by which she might escape, and no longer eat her step-mother's husband's bread, but earn it for herself. This was everything. "Thank God!" she said, almost aloud. "Farewell to fine-ladyism, and all the hollowness of a wretched life, without anything to do, and in dependence on a man I despise. Welcome honest servitude and hard work!" She liked decision and plain-speaking, qualities which certainly distinguished this letter, written to what was believed to be a village girl, who had won golden opinions from the curate. There was nothing in it that ought to annoy her; but she began to see, for the first time clearly, what it was she was undertaking. She, who knew herself to be singularly impatient of control, was about to enter upon a life the first condition of which was implicit obedience. Mary's delinquency on that score crossed her mind, and all that Mr. Miles had said about it. And just as she had reached this point in her reflections, she heard behind her a long swinging step, and the very voice she was at that moment thinking of called out:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Pomeroy, but I think you have just dropped this letter."

She felt that she changed colour as she held out her hand for it, and she looked up into his face, in her quick, keen way, as if trying to read his thoughts.

"How did you know that it was mine? . . . as the . . . address . . ."

"I saw you drop it as I was leaving the school, but you walked at such a pace, Miss Pomeroy, I had some difficulty in catching you up without taking 'to running.'"

She hesitated for a moment. He had, of course, seen the address, and she felt she must offer some explanation of this, or his suspicions might be aroused.

"I suppose you guessed whose initials these are?" she said, pointing to the address; but her manner, as Miles afterwards remembered, had not its usual directness: it was troubled, and she turned her eyes away from him as she spoke. "I have written to a lady about Mary Hind. I hope to get her a place, but . . . for many reasons . . . I desired this lady not to write to me . . . that is, at the house. Indeed, the letter is addressed to Mary herself."

"I hope she will get the place, Miss Pomeroy. Have you sent my testimonial?"

"I have."

"And do you know anything of the lady? What is her name?"

"I know nothing of her. She is a stranger," replied Maud, rapidly, gliding over the other question. "If Mary gets the place, she will owe it entirely to you, Mr. Miles. . . . I hope she will be happy. . . . Do you think if people do their duty—in any state of life—they must be happy, Mr. Miles?"

He paused before answering her question. It was the village gossip that she was to be married to Mr. Durborough, and he thought, with a pang, that her question had reference to this. At last, he said, slowly:

"It depends upon whether the state of life is one to which we are called, or whether we choose it for ourselves, having our eyes open to the knowledge of good and evil. When Providence places us in a certain position, without our own free will having anything to do with it, I believe that the faithful discharge of duty does ensure a certain measure of happiness. When we deliberately leave that state of life for another—"

He broke off: but, incomplete as the sentence was, its meaning was clear to Maud; and, interpreting it as she did, its immediate application to her own case startled her so much that she looked into John Miles's face once more, with anxious scrutiny. His eyes were bent upon the ground, his lips trembled, and there was a slight contraction of the brow which

told Maud that the man was suffering keenly. She could not see, indeed, all that was passing in his mind; but something of it she guessed, and she felt sure that no suspicion of her resolve was there. Sir Andrew's sarcasm crossed her mind. Alas! how much better for her, perhaps, would it have been had she returned this faithful, upright man's love, and found a refuge by his cottage fire, instead of seeking it on the wide world! It had fallen to her lot to meet with so little love in life, that she could not but feel gratitude and compassion, and a certain tender regretfulness, as she looked up at that honest red-nosed face, and thought that this might be the last time she should ever see it.

Perhaps the feminine desire that he should not think too ill of her when she had disappeared, no one could say whither, prompted her to say, at last:

"Mr. Miles. I think I am going to leave Mortlands before long. The world will abuse me very much, but you are not of the world, and know something of what I have suffered here—something of what has led to determine me on taking this step. You will not be too harsh in your judgment, will you? You have always been very kind, and have given me good advice, which, unfortunately, it was not in my nature to follow. Well, you will have one stubborn sheep the less in your fold! But do not think I have been ungrateful. I wanted to tell you so before I go, and I may not have another opportunity: I shall never forget your kindness to me as long as I live, Mr. Miles."

Poor John! It was with great difficulty that he managed to say calmly:

"Pardon me. Perhaps I have no right to ask it, but have you well weighed the solemn, irrevocable nature of the step you are about to take?"

Quick as lightning the truth of what he believed flashed upon her; but she dared not undeceive him. She could only reply, "I have."

"Oh! Miss Pomeroy, before it is too late, pause, pause, I beseech you, and if—"

"It is too late. My decision is made."

"Then I can only say, God prosper you! and may He so order your life that you never have cause to regret it!"

"If a good man's prayers avail anything, I know I have them," said Maud, tremulously, for John Miles's emotion, which he could not quite control, had infected her.

"Good-bye, Mr. Miles."

They had reached the park-gate. He wrung her hand in silence, and passed into his cottage. And I believe, in the solitude of his own closet, where he sat with his face buried in his hands, motionless, for an hour or more, that those prayers, the fervent outpourings of the young man's heart, rose, as Maud predicted that they would. And who shall say that they availed nothing in the end?

The next morning, when Maud appeared neither at prayers, nor at the breakfast-table, Lady Herriesson desired that her own maid should go up to Miss Pomeroy's room, and see if she was unwell. Presently Lady Herriesson was called out of the breakfast-room, and found her maid looking rather pale. Miss Pomeroy's door was locked. The housemaid had left some hot water there at eight o'clock, according to Miss Pomeroy's general orders (for since Mary Hind's departure she would allow no one into her room until she was dressed), and there the jug still stood. They had knocked, and knocked, but there was no reply. Lady Herriesson, in much trepidation, now went up herself—but with no better results; Sir Andrew followed, to see what was the matter, and found his wife in hysterics, and the farm-carpenter taking off the lock of the door. In a couple of minutes it swung back, and Sir Andrew walked into the room. It was empty. He glanced at the bed; it had not been slept in. Upon the table lay a letter directed to Lady Herriesson: he thrust it into his wife's hand, and stood over her while the poor lady, in her bewilderment and terror, read as follows:

DEAR MAMMA,—I am afraid you will be angry when you find that I have left Mortlands without telling you where I was going; but, at all events, do not be alarmed about me, as I am quite safe. I am going to try and earn my bread: I can no longer be a burden upon Sir Andrew, and having disappointed him and you as to this marriage, I feel doubly that it is my duty to try and provide for myself in some other way. Do not be the least uneasy about me: I am strong, and have plenty of courage, and having, I think, no false pride, prefer work to a life of inaction and dependence. Pray do not attempt to trace me; it would do no good, even if you succeeded. You shall hear from me soon, when I hope to be able to tell you that I am happy—which I have not been for a long, long time. Accept my sincere thanks for

all your kindness, and care of me for eighteen years, and believe me to be

Yours affectionately,

MAUD.

It is needless to say that Lady Herriesson relapsed into hysterics on reading this, and Sir Andrew raged in a very terrible manner. Was there ever anything so monstrous, so utterly inconceivable as such conduct? That any one belonging to him should disgrace herself thus—should make herself the talk of the whole country-side, and run off in this shameful way, and then, to crown the enormity, proclaim that she was gone to earn her bread! Good God! such a thing as this he had never even heard of in the whole course of his experience! The girl, if caught, must be treated as a lunatic; and to shut her up would save her, perhaps, from a worse fate; for what could one expect such a creature, who set all laws, all authority at defiance, to come to?

Of course, messengers were sent in all directions to the nearest railway-stations, and all the neighbouring villages, but nothing could be heard of the missing young lady. The news reached John Miles, on the swift wing of rumour brought from the great house, very early in the day. 'Liza rushed in, heavily laden, and discharged the intelligence, much as she was wont to empty the coal-box upon the fire—full at him. And, strange to say, he was less horrified than any one. He was grieved that she had taken such a step (he knew nothing of its object, of course); but he felt that even this, reprehensible as it was, was better than her emancipating herself from her detested life by marriage with a man like Mr. Durborough. He tried to assure himself that his own hopeless love had nothing to say to this sense of relief in finding that she had not consented to be another's; but that it was purely because that other was unworthy of her, and that, knowing Maud's character, he knew that had she so consented to perjure herself, she would have been an utterly miserable woman. At all events there was the thankfulness at his heart that she had not done this thing; and however the world—especially the world of Mortlands—might view the extraordinary step she had taken, it was only with sorrow he thought of it, as complicating the difficulties of her position with regard to Sir Andrew. He had very

little doubt that she had gone to some friend in London, and would be heard of in the course of a day or two. And on the morning of the fifth day a letter did come; but so short, bold, and vague in its contents, that Lady Herriesson's disquietudes could by no means be allayed. Maud wrote, indeed, that she was well, and happy; but that was all. There was no clue to where, or in what capacity she was living. The post-mark on the letter was "Aristol." The police in that city were communicated with: they could obtain no clue to the mystery.

Sir Andrew would have inserted an advertisement in the Times, but for his dread of increasing the publicity of this disgraceful scandal. All attempts to hush up, or explain away, the young lady's disappearance were of course useless. It was very soon generally known; but it was also known that no allusion was to be made to it before Sir Andrew. She was supposed to be "on a visit." And in this uncomfortable state matters remained for three weeks, during which John Miles's anxiety to learn what had really become of Maud, became naturally greater every day. It was then that a trifling incident occurred which aroused all the active energy of the man's nature; for it seemed to him to have some possible bearing upon Miss Pomeroy's fate.

NOTE TO "A BATTLE AT SEA."

In the paper, "A Battle at Sea," published in No. 76, vol. iii., New Series, a reference to the source whence the writer derived his information was accidentally omitted. The facts are condensed from an account of the battle in "Life on Board a Man of War," by a British Seaman, published by Blackie, Fullarton, and Co., Glasgow, 1829.

Just published, price 5s. 6d., bound in green cloth,

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE NEW SERIES OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

To be had of all Booksellers.

MR. DICKENS'S NEW WORK

Just Published, PRICE ONE SHILLING,

PART THREE OF

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. L. FILDES.

To be Completed in TWELVE MONTHLY Numbers, uniform with the Original Editions of "PICKWICK" and "COPPERFIELD."

London: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.